

SHEER FILTH

No.7 August '89

Adults Only



ARTWARE

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ARTWARE is looking for worldwide core tests to trade/buy/exchange/distribute video and more of an extreme/soberside/psychotic/rare/fresh/hard core nature!

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2/Organising film & video screenings at a local off-scheme (PAL 50H/50), as kind of a weekend-beta-night-special series mostly!
3/Reviewing/writing features about/on the above topics in various publications and newspapers, mainly in German FILM/AUST (Filmzeitung)

As we are also in cooperation with a lot of labels/organisations/artists/movie-theatres everywhere, we could promote your article elsewhere as well!

If you should have anything of interest for us (videos, mags, books, etc.) get in contact with us please. Or send a sample copy. Or ask for our catalog (70 pgs.) and other promotion/information material. Thank

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'Scum like me don't read...'



'Your Worst Fears Confirmed' #2

with KILDOZER, HEAD OF DAVID, FILLER, RAMSEY CAMPBELL, USA TUTTLE,

COIL & more

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FOR PFJ LIII (rewritten) by D.F. Lewis

During those wonderful days when all lavatories were non-flushable & the stink cart came to collect all the doings once a week from the creaking oaken tank where it was all deposited pro tem....

One morning I remember in particular, I had a bit of a problem. I suddenly realised that the garden wall that surrounded my house, at the level of a full grown giraffe, badly needed priming with broken bits of glass (in case of burglars).

And during breakfast that morning I remembered that the day before I had inadvertently swallowed a piece of jagged glass (about as large as a half-a-crown) that had been hidden in with the frosted flakes.

I had already evacuated my bowels twice (or was it three times?) since then so, as you can imagine, I had no option but to search the tank for it.

There was a hatch at the top & one at the side towards the bottom for the lavatory man to shovel it all out into his shit pans. I thought the best way was to climb to the top & gently lower myself through the hatch up there, into the soft consistency. The tank had not been cleared for over a week (because the lavatory man had been on sick leave) so it was all pretty stiffened together, but I managed to wedge myself down until, with a sort of breast-stroke manoeuvre, I forced myself down, examining each turd as I went. Some were conjoined & some had

taken a turn past the wash-by date, but nevertheless I was pleased to see that they were all mine or my wife's - pretty sure, anyway.

But, then, imagine my shock to discover a whole clutch of them, like bad bananas, a dead giveaway that my mother-in-law had been using my lavatory! I had forbidden her to do so - I'd told her the canal at the end of the road was good enough for the likes of her. She'd promised to squat down there with the rest of the village. But here they were, foreign turds in my tank!

I was quickly pacified though for, nearly, I discovered the shard I'd spat. I worked back to the top & raised it into the air where the sunlight caught it a real treat. I felt good, as if the world was OK, after all. All God's creatures were in their rightful place.

I got down from the top of the tank - a bit of a relief really, for the stench was becoming a trifle heady - & I quickly found a ladder, leant it against the garden wall at its most vulnerable point, climbed it & placed the broken glass proudly at the top. The first of many, I hoped.

Then, I happened to look towards the canal at the end of the road. I was irritated to see a hippopotamus wallowing in it, as if it didn't have a care in the world. I immediately got down, without preventing a slight abrasion on my left shin, ran to the house & telephoned the local zoo. They couldn't understand it, as none of their mother-in-laws were missing.

FILTHY THOUGHTS

Heady Doody. No, you're not dreaming, it really is another **SHEEN FILTH** so soon.

You may notice the absence of a few regular items this time around, & those of you eagerly awaiting the Jesus Franco interview will be disappointed. The reason? Assistant Editor Cathal Tohill has decided to produce his own famine, & has taken his regular articles, along with the Franco translation with him. So hum, his 'game will be, as you might expect, devoted to vintage trash cinema...**SHEEN FILTH**, meanwhile, is now back under my sole control. Expect changes soon, with the possibility of SF becoming harder-edged....

Plethora of additions to the Traci Lords filmography have been sent in by readers who obviously know what they like. Add the following to your lists: **PLEASURE PARTY** (may be **LADIES IN LACE** under another title as the plot & cast are the same); **BATTLES OF THE STARS**; **NEVERLY HILLS COPULATOR**; **IT'S MY BODY**; **KINKY BUSINESS**; **LOVE BITES**; **MARILYN CHAMBERS PRIVATE FANTASIES 6**; **SCREAMER**; **SEX SHOOT**; **THOSE YOUNG GIRLS**; **WE LOVE TO TRASH**; **THE NIGHT OF LOVING DANGEROUSLY**; **ADULT .45**; **COUNTRY GIRL**; **KRYPTIC GOLD**; **SAMANTHA**; **TRACI LORDS AND ANGELO** (no English title for this); **JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE**; **ELECTRIC BLUE 11/21/26** (one of these contains her appearance in a promo video by Heavy Metal boozes **Helix**); **POXY BOXING**; **TRACI LORDS FANTASIES**; **TRACI LORDS HOTTEST NAME ON VIDEO** (these last two may be retitled of **TRACI LORDS** interview). Also possible but unconfirmed is **INSIDE TRACI LORDS**. Current rumours about her include a new porn film made in Germany after **NOT OF THIS NATION**, a book about her career, a TV film on the same subject, reconfirming with Guns 'n' Roses, & starring in the next John Waters film! What a busy young lady....

Had a few more 'cince arrive as expected. **TRASH COMPACTOR** has first rate illustrations & covers sleeky favourites. Very slickly produced. \$4.50 (in Canada) from 253 College St., Suite 108, Toronto, Canada, M5T 1B5. **SKIN TWO** is essential reading for anyone with

\$5 price. Subs & CULT CLASSIC. With free 46.



an interest in fetishism. Thick & glossy, & worth every penny of the are £20 from BCM Box 2071, London, W6IN 3JX. **SPLATTER VIDEOS** CMS may have the most atrocious title imaginable, but is not too a bit more effort on design, it could be pretty good. And it's (but send postage) to Kami Mc Innes, c/o - 8 Top PM, PO Box 401-Cowarins, NT 0811, Australia.

By the time you read this, **SHOCK AROUND THE CLOCK 3** will have been & gone...comments next issue, but it looks like it should be the best one yet. If I saw you there, Hello again.

With a bit of luck, some of this issues illustrations will be a little clearer than usual. I'm hoping to be able soon to have all the stills in SF easily decipherable, but it's a slow & costly process....

SHEEN FILTH; No. 7. SORT OF BI-MONTHLY, OR NEAR AS DAMMIT.

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MANY THANKS GO TO THE FOLLOWING, WITHOUT WHOM, ETC...: TUPPY OWENS, VPD, RICHARD HUNSON ASSOCIATES, W.H. ALLEN, TRISTON BROWN, DAN PYDINKOWSKI, ARTWANE, CRAP HAUFEN, JOGG BUTTERHEIT, BERTIL LUNDGREN, MARC MORRIS, NICK CAIRNS, STEVE (I TOOK ANNETTE HAYES TO DINNER & DON'T YOU FORGET IT) ALLISON, NANNY

NADLER, FACTSHEET 5, ALL THOSE PROVIDING PLUGS, & EVANTONE GLOSS....

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CONFESSIONS OF A SEX MANIAC: interview

NOT ONLY HAS TUPPY OWENS PRODUCED THE LEGENDARY 'SEX MANIAC'S DIARY' SINCE THE EARLY SEVENTIES, BUT SHE'S ALSO APPEARED IN ADULT MOVIES OF VARYING ARTISTIC QUALITY, RUN A CHARITY FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS, & BECOME RENOWNED AS A 'SEX EXPERT'. SHE'S ALSO A VERY NICE PERSON, AS YOUR INTREPID EDITOR FOUND

DAVID: How did you first get into all this depraved material?

TUPPY: I was an ecologist working for the Natural Environment -research Council & I had a boyfriend who's father was a printer. He had these big ideas, & I said "I'll go into business with you, because I'll never get on in government circles very well" , so I went to work with him, & I looked at these horrible sex magazines "five bob arts" as they were in those days coming off the press girls with tongues out & knickers on the floor, it all look d very sordid & I thought 'well, thats it what sex means to me, i'd like to produce a book that's more joyful' So I did a book called SEXUAL HARMONY which sold like hotcakes in all the sex shops.

DAVID: When was this?

TUPPY: 1971. I thought "well here's a chance to go into business on my own, which I did I produced my own sex books, & just about scraped by because by that time lots of other people had leapt onto the bandwagon... it's very exploit ative, so it's very difficult to make a living independently if you're not part of the gang, the male gang... And then I had the idea about the Diary & produced that. Everyone said it was a ridiculously stupid idea, but it sold brilliantly, & it's been going for the last 18 years.

DAVID: What was the initial concept for the Diary?

TUPPY: Well we were having a joke the other night when we finished this edition that we should do something much more 'depraved', & I thought that actually that's what it was all supposed to be in the beginning, until I became socially responsible! it was supposed to be like the GARDENERS DIARY, but full of depravity... it still is for lots of people, but I started out as a much more of a piss-take thing. I think about 90% of the people that buy it do so as a Christmas present, & they have a laugh & throw it in the gutter. Then I've got 5% of devoted readers who really use it & think it's great, & maybe a hundred people who think it's a total bible! I'm lucky, because I'm financed by the wankers & appeal to the discriminating few. I think all the people who buy it benefit in a way, because it broadens their horizons, and I think I get away with more than most other things in England because it's become an accepted product. I've never been prosecuted & I try to keep it just so I won't, because I don't want to go to prison. But on the other hand, I want to always keep it on the fringe of trying to push forward, without going to prison.

DAVID: How much has the Diary changed since it began?

TUPPY: I suppose because I've changed since I started. I did a sex therapy course, & I've been doing the Outsiders for 10 years now. I suppose I always cared about the lonely wanker, because I thought they were people who should be respected. Just because he's jerking off over a girl in a magazine, it doesn't mean she has to despise him... I'm very respectful of men's sexuality, because I relate to it.



DAVID: People in this country have very two-faced attitudes towards sex. Pornography is seen as being very un-British, yet we have the SUN & the other tabloids which thrive on it...

TUPPY: Well, hypocrisy seems to be the only thing that keeps the British feeling sexy, I suppose. In a way, it's cute; it's like 'lets be really naughty & take our knickers down'. All the people on the serious level, like swingers & fetish people around the world, they all say England is better than anywhere else. We have that edge, we think it's so naughty so we do it with great panache...so in a way, it's got its values, as long as people really know where they are but most people don't, most people are completely lost...lost in the crime.

DAVID: In the sixties, Britain was known as THE place for sexual experimentation & progress...what went wrong?

TUPPY: I don't know what went wrong really. I think we're just too conventional & traditional & boring & nervous...we don't have any respect for other people. You always say "this is legal in America, this is legal in Denmark, this is legal in France, so it must be alright", but the British always think "well, actually we're not as crummy as the French & the Americans". I think we're very stubborn.

DAVID: There certainly seems to be no hope of any positive change under the present regime.

TUPPY: I was thinking the other day, I was pleased that Thatcher stayed in, because I thought she was giving us a reason to have a rebellion, but nobody's fucking bothered, have they? But there's a strong underground now, & everybody's having a lovely time unofficially, aren't we?

DAVID: Part of the problem is that during censorship campaigns, there was nobody who would stand up & support this material...

TUPPY: Well, you see, people were standing up & supporting them, like Mike Frooman was actually doing it, but when he got busted, the papers didn't cover it, so he just went to prison & nobody knew. On his last bust, he actually got tear gas out & tried to wipe out the police...the thing was, apart from being a bit out, that was the only way he was going to make the press, but they didn't even bother about that.

DAVID: The press only seemed concerned with whipping up hysteria...there's this strange idea used by courts & censors of 'seriousness of intent', which allows hardcore scenes in art films on the basis that they will be somehow less 'corrupting' than in a porn film.

TUPPY: You can publish a book of hardcore art...recently, there was a lovely pop up book done by a friend of mine - like a children's book, but it's hardcore & that's allowed. If it had been in a sex shop, god, it wouldn't have lasted 5 seconds! You just mustn't be seen to be selling pornography here. They don't want sex shops in Soho, which I think is one of the biggest disasters of the decade, because most young lads came down to Soho & went to all the shows & got ripped off, & that was a laugh. You come down nowadays & they've all been totally ripped off, because you go into a live sex show, saying 'live sex' on the outside, & inside there's nothing happening. They've lost their £15 or £20, & seen nothing...& that's allowed.

DAVID: What do you think of Dave Sullivan, the way he uses titles like COLOR CLIMAX & SWEDISH EROTICA to con people into thinking they're getting the real thing, when in reality, it's a cheap nasty softcore mag?

TUPPY: Well of course I hate him for that, I can say two good things about him, he's got a brilliant sense of humour, & also, he's had the guts to do it all. He's producing porn his own particular way...SUNDAY SPORT which everyone buys, because it is pornographic but it's available to the masses, so I say well, great...but on the other hand, of course I despise him for ripping people off.

START THE YEAR WITH A BANG!

SEX MANIACS DIARY '88

No one likes the idea of a diary, but this one is different. It's a diary of sex, of love, of passion, of desire, of lust, of everything that makes us human. It's a diary that's as hot as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as sexy as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as good as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as great as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as perfect as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as beautiful as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as wonderful as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as amazing as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as incredible as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as unbelievable as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as extraordinary as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as phenomenal as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as epic as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as legendary as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as mythical as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as magical as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as mysterious as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as enigmatic as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as cryptic as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as obscure as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as rare as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as precious as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as valuable as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as priceless as the sex it's about. It's a diary that's as priceless as the sex it's about.

FREE

WARNING



LASSE BRAUN

edited them in Copenhagen, & they were ringing me up saying "you know the bit where he gets shot & falls out of the girl & he's still erect - does that count because it's a dead erection?", & I was saying "yes, you've got to take erections out" - really hysterical conversations! Anyway, I got the films over, & got these brilliant boxes printed, which I thought were really great. They got out in the shops, & two days later they were all sold out, & the police arrived to seize them, but there was nothing to seize, thank god. I think they took some leaflets, which I was rather upset about. Anyway, I didn't bother with selling them anymore, I thought "sod it". It was only because of his name, they hadn't actually looked at them.

DAVID: So they knew his name?

TUPPY: Oh yeah, because they'd been selling his films in Soho for about 3 or 4 years. That was in the days of total confusion. It was all so corrupt, so any raids weren't real raids. If I'd just given them a few hundred quid, they probably would've gone away, but I'm afraid I wasn't into that. So it wasn't a real raid in that it was serious, it was just a raid for fun. But I was intimidated by it, I must admit.

DAVID: They were raids to upset anyone who didn't co-operate, in other words?

TUPPY: They thought that if you were into it, you'd have money to give them as bribes. I was raided quite a lot in those days, because I knew all the hardcore people & was involved with them in lots of ways, because I was interested in

DAVID: It's offensive the way he uses the original logos to rip people off...

TUPPY: It's actually worse than that, because, for example, in the Outsiders, we have a member who's spastic, & he can't speak, can't walk, can't do anything, & I don't think he's ever found a female partner. He sent off for an artificial vagina, & he got one that broke, sent it back, & nothing happened. He felt too guilty to complain, so I wrote to them. Eventually I got Goldstar to say that they'd sent him a free vagina, which again was faulty. The thing is they have no conscience at all. Most of the people who are buying things in those shops are either out for a laugh, or they're quite screwed up & need their confidence building, & all those shops do is whack them straight back into the emotional gutter.

DAVID: It's easy to say that people should know that they're being conned, but many honestly don't.

TUPPY: It is pretty shitty, I must admit, & I feel fairly pathetic that I haven't done more about it, but I don't look upon that as my role really. I think I'm doing enough... I haven't really got the political mentality to do anymore.

DAVID: Tell me about SENSATIONS - how did you become involved with that?

TUPPY: I knew Lasse Braun quite well. I'd actually bought the softcore version rights of some of his films. His first films were just lovely, & I thought they'd be lovely even without the hardcore, so I bought the rights. I had some brilliant conversations with the editors - they

what they were doing anyway, to go back to SENSATIONS. Lasse Braun, whose real name is Alberto Ferro, had this place in Holland where he produced his things, & he wanted to produce a magazine, I said I'd love to write for it, so I went out there, but he proved totally impossible to work with, as anybody will tell you, it's not just me; then he got Reuben Sturman from Cleveland who said he'd finance this film SENSATIONS. So he said "this is going to be a quarter of a million budget movie & I'll have the best people from all over the world". He asked me if I'd like to be in it & I thought "hmm...it's now or never", so I agreed, 2 days before shooting, he rang up & said "I want you to dress like Princess Anne, go to Moss Bros & hire this outfit", & it got from bad to worse. In the end I was very uncomfortable with the part & intimidated by the whole situation. He wasn't used to working with film, with 2 big cameras & massive lights, & it was really horrible. Even the people who were experienced at doing porn were hating it because it was so restrictive, you couldn't move this way or that way, you'd be out of focus, & he'd suddenly give you this new thing to do...it was bad news. It was a really, really unfortunately bad experience for most people. But I think everyone really wanted to put on their best show because they knew it was so important. There was the big moment when Reuben & the Americans arrived, & wanted chairs with 'director' on the back & everything! And guess who was performing that day, oh my god! I already knew them because I was in the business & I thought "oh no, they're going to watch me fucking, oh god!". I realised when I did the film, I'm just not an exhibitionist, I hate being watched, & I was getting more & more like a little hard nut of hatred towards everything! I thought "this isn't me". I'd had all these fantasies about being in a blue movie & thought "well, I'm bound to be great, I'll walk into the room & show all the others up, I'll be so sexy", but I couldn't bear being controlled & I couldn't bear being watched, so I was hopeless! I really hated it.



sensations

Lasse Braun Production

DAVID: As a viewer though, I must say that it's incredibly erotic... everyone seems gripped with passion.

TUFFY: Well, he sets people off & stretches them beyond what they would normally do. For example, I remember my husband, that old man, had a sex scene with that very sexy French girl, Veronique, & she didn't like him at all. She didn't like older men & he was about seventy, so she basically couldn't stand him, & the only way she could get through that scene was by chewing gum & looking away and him, & if you know that, you think "god, yeah, she wasn't into it", but if you didn't...she still looks very sexy. In a way, all sex has got that edge of

somebody being forced beyond what they would normally do, which is quite exciting. There was one girl there who was a professional actress, & she said "you wait 'til you see this film, I'll be the sexiest person on it, because I'm going to act my part" & she did, she really looked great - it was total acting, whereas a lot of the other people were used to very small films where they were being themselves.

DAVID: You also appeared in Mike Freeman's LADY VICTORIA'S TRAINING.

TUPPY: Mike Freeman sent me a copy of his first video, TRUTH OR DARE, I was living with this guy at the time & he was just about to go to work. We both put it on, & stood there going "wow." We were just absolutely thrilled with it, & I thought "well, this hasn't happened for a long time". So I rang him up & said "we really loved it", & he said "well, we're making another film next week, would you like to come down?" I knew my boyfriend was a bit voyeuristic & I thought he'd really love it, so we went down, & he said to me "would you like to be in it?" I said "well...er...um...actually, I didn't like being in SENSATIONS, so I won't do it again, unless I can do it exactly as I want." He said okay, so I said "I'll let you know what I'm going to do". I got the vague story of the film, & thought "I'll be part of her training. I'll train her skills with her husbands but! That's harmless enough". I said "I don't want to be in any hardcore, because I'm not an exhibitionist, but I'd like to be in the film". So I borrowed this boyfriend's immaculate black leather briefcase, & filled it with feathers, deep heat treatment & all sorts of horrible implements, went & had my hair done very severe, put a suit on, & arrived there looking like Miss Executive & I said "I'm ready & I'm going to give her the training"...! Unfortunately, the camera broke down: it just wouldn't work. So they said "never mind, we'll have a dress rehearsal". Mike Freeman decided he'd be the husband! So this girl & I tried out all these disgusting things on Mike Freeman's bum & he went mad! He kept leaping off the chair in agony! Anyway, by the time the night was through, my hairdo was completely fucked, my suit was fucked...so they put me in a sort of black plastic outfit & I did it all again, but it was a disaster. I looked absolutely awful! And they brought on this ghastly man to be the husband...this girl & I were going "do we really have to touch him? Ugh!". So...it was a bit of a flop really. It's got a lovely idea behind it...it's very British.

DAVID: Tell me about The Outsiders Club.

TUPPY: The Outsiders Club is an absolutely brilliant club, for people who for some unknown reason feel like outsiders, either because of something in their head, or else they've got real problems of physical disabilities or sexual hang ups, & we all get together, & they all help each other & get off on each other, so it's quite successful really. It's very hard work from our point of view, because most of the people need a lot of push, so it takes a lot of my energy, but it's worth it because they usually end up having a great time.

DAVID: Do you receive flak from people because of your reputation?

TUPPY: Yeah, all the time, it upsets me a lot. People classify you, & as soon as they think "well she's a pornographer, she couldn't possibly be doing anything nice & she must be exploiting the people she's helping", that's the most upsetting thing. The words out in the disabled community that I'm part of the mafia, & exploiting women...

DAVID: You mentioned to me earlier that you'd never managed to sit through an entire hardcore film in a cinema...

TUPPY: I don't find sitting in a cinema watching hardcore films at all pleasant, I find it really freaky! It's alright if you can snog in the back row, but it's not much fun if you're just sitting with a lot of men jerking off, because women can't jerk off in the same way...well, I suppose we could, but I don't think I could jerk off in a cinema. .





READING MATTER: the Sheer Filth guide to books, magazines & fanzines

THE BUS. Paul Kirchner. Futura 1987

WHAT IS IT WITH THE BUS?

The computer is waiting at a bus stop & this huge insect crawls from behind a building, eats the computer & turns into the Bus. Or.

The Bus takes a shower, has breakfast, leaves the apartment & goes to pick up the computer at a bus stop. Or.

A passenger on the Bus opens a window. Something monstrous drags him out. The Computer leans over to the notice beneath the window & reads:

DO NOT OPEN THE WINDOW

Bus is surrounded

By Huge Man Eating

Spider Crabs

Just the kind of regular thing that happens in Paul Kirchner's THE BUS, not your average collection of 'funnies' but an incredibly perceptive - & weird - series of pen & ink strips, allegories for everything from class systems to 'Playmate of the Month'.

Most of the tales of the Bus & the Computer are captionless, running for 6 or 8 panels, each tale a law unto itself. There are longer episodes with a written narrative - stories extending the social context of 'BUSES IN OUR LIVES' yet further - but for me THE BUS is best in the one page non-linear...and at its best THE BUS is brilliant. File under EX-HEAVY METAL magazine.

DAVID KERESKES

NYMPHO SUBJUGATION. Thor Gligey. Dragon, 1965

'His spanking wife & his nympho mistress dominated his body'...yeah, we're talking great literature here. The tale of a college lecturer who doesn't know what he wants but knows he wants it, this can't live up to the blurb, or indeed, the author's remarkable name. Instead, it's a quaintly tame smut book, with cute phrases like 'she welcomed his eager spear into her body, as he sensed her liquid warmth' being used to work the reader into the presumably intended state of sexual frenzy. The standard of writing is staggeringly poor, & the story is dull. Nevertheless, NYMPHO SUBJUGATION remains a worthwhile addition to any sixties-sleaze fan's library by virtue of it's rather odd title (does your local book store contain anything as tacky sounding?), & Gligey's touching determination to write as scuzzy a tale as possible under the twin handicaps of a still not entirely censor-free society, & his own ineptitude.

DAVID FLINT

THE PLEASURES OF CRUELTY. Anonymous

A wealthy, but sexually deviant businessman takes his three young, virginal daughters away to a remote holiday mansion & inflicts the most unbelievably violent, ghastly sex tortures on them over a series of months. This reads like the equivalent of an S&M movie, only ten times worse - the imagination behind these perversions is bizarre to say the least. A preface to the book makes an attempt to pass it off as art, even suggesting it may have been written by the Marquis De Sade, alleging that it was written in the late 1890's - a century or so late methinks. Now, I've never read anything specifically by De Sade, but this work is unquestionably modern (& I mean 1960's or 70's), it was published in America & I would be most surprised to find such things available in this country. I loved it.

MICHAEL SLATTER

BURIED DREAMS - INSIDE THE MIND OF A SERIAL KILLER, Tim Cahill, Bantam, 1986

A dark & chilly trip indeed. Like Terry Sullivan's **KILLER CLOWN**, it's about John Wayne Gacy Jnr, respected businessman & part-time murderer, a workaholic who sadistically brutalised & killed 33 young boys. To his neighbours, he was generous John & threw big parties attended by civic chiefs & local dignitaries - he was a guy with clout. An exemplary citizen, he worked 16 hours a day on his business & devoted his spare time to charity, visiting sick children in hospital as heart-warming **Pogo the Clown**. This facade of normality was ruptured by bouts of rabid & sadistic murder; the culmination of his all night sessions of torture degradation & sex.

Gacy was a police freak & loved hanging around cops, pimping for them & pretending he was involved in dirty but essential undercover work. In true **TAXI DRIVER** fashion, he was determined to clean the streets of scum & filth. The objects of his rage were young teenage boys - some hustlers, some not! He stashed their bodies or 'trophies' beneath the crawl space of his house, & the sweet fetid smell of decomposition wafted into his hall on hot days. When he ran out of space there, he dumped the bodies in the river.

The full extent of Gacy's crimes & perversions could never be detailed thoroughly, but this book goes a long way to exposing the sicko that he was. From his vile attempts at embalming the bodies in the garage, to shoving silken under-pants down the throats of his victims!

Recommended reading for any lover of True Crime stuff. **CATHAL TORILL**

QUARTET, The Marquis De Sade, Panther, 1964

A slim volume of four short stories by De Sade. After reading the grim **JUSTINE**, it's a surprise to discover that the 'evil Marquis' had a sense of humour. The first story is a French farce called **THE MYSTIFIED MAGISTRATE**, & tells how a reluctant young bride refuses her evil old husband his marital rights. The subject of the second story - **AUGUSTINE DE VILLEBLANCHE** - is a lesbian who dresses up as a man & is seduced by a transvestite. **RESTALLATION** is a 4 1/2 page joke about a woman punishing her husband for having an affair with a nun by jumping into bed with a randy priest. The final story is **MISS HENRIETTA STRALSON ON THE EFFECTS OF DESPAIR**, & is another evil old man & reluctant young girl story, but not as funny as **THE MYSTIFIED MAGISTRATE**.

In this paperback edition, the stories are unfortunately abridged & there's no erotic content: if you're looking for whippings, you'll be disappointed.

STEVE DAVIES

FANZINES: Hugh Gallagher's **DRACULINA** is big, thick & slick & concentrates most of its energies on covering sleaze. No. 9 has stuff on Traci Lords, Franco, & a trash festival report which includes transcripts of lectures by Mikels, Steckler, Al Adamson & Doris Wishman. Worth a look, \$5.50 from Draculina Publishing, PO Box 115, Moro, IL62067, USA. The editor of **BLOOD TIMES** made the mistake of sending me his Dario Argento special, meaning I can't thoroughly recommend this one yet. The writing is quite good, so it's likely that other (more varied) issues will be worthwhile. \$1 (in US) from Louis Paul, 44 East 5th St, Brooklyn, NY 11210, USA. **SIVULLINEN** is an oddity from Finland. Poetry, art, fiction & writings - primarily political - fills this one. Some of it is a bit iffy, but at least its heart is in the right place. IRC for details to Jouni Maarakkangas, Poeste Restante, 00980 Helsinki 98, Finland. **CRIMSON**

CELLULOID & VIOLENT LEISURE have joined forces! Eek! At present, it's a lot more CC than VL. Contents include reviews of **NEKROMANTIK**, **NAKED AS NATURE INTENDED**, & **MAN BEHIND THE SUN**. Pretty grubby £6 sub from 312 Great North Road, Five Dock, 2046, N.S.W. Australia. **DEATHBANE** is the most incompetent, illiterate, ham-fisted piece of shit ever to emerge from a photocopier. Full of awful 'art' & totally incoherent reviews. The cover appears to be added as an afterthought. I felt ripped off, & I didn't even pay for it. Avoid at all costs. Much better is **SCAREPHANTALIA**. This has been going years, & is well worth buying if you like to read about the latest releases. Even if you don't, this will keep you up to date on what's going on, saving you the waste of reading **FANGORIA**. \$7.50 a year (in US) from Michael Gingold, 55 Nordica Drive, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520, USA.





A couple of 'zines that I've only had a quick look at now. APAEROS is a publication covering sexual experience & ideas. Basically produced, but with some interesting content. \$1.50 from 594 Broadway (Room 1208), New York, NY 10012, USA. The content of THE BETTY PAGES is fairly obvious. It does also contain more vintage glamour info as well, & like APAEROS, looks worthy of further investigation. \$4 (in US) from Pure Imagination Publishing, 88 Lexington Ave., 9-C, New York, NY 10016, USA.

DAVID FLINT

STRIPPERS!: Chris Ashton, Star, 1986

The blurb on this makes it sound like a probing study of the striptease world. No such luck. In fact, it's the story of strip promoter The Anne Robertson Agency, based on Tyneside. And that's where the problem lies. The Anne Robertson Agency is dull. The strippers are held to boringly tight moral standards - no open pussy, no audience participation - & the shows sound staggeringly staid. The attitudes displayed are similar to those held by Page 3 models - what we do is harmless fun & has nothing to do with sex, but anyone going

a bit further is a slut. Personally, I prefer sluts to hypocrites. Author Ashton obviously adores the Agency, & offers no criticisms. The result is an uninspiring & totally disposable book. DAVID FLINT

THE BEAST OF JERSEY: Joan Paisnell, NEL, 1985 (orig. 1972)

I picked this up primarily because the guy on the front looked a bit like Leatherface minus his chainsaw. Nothing could be further from the content. It's actually about Edward Paisnell, who terrorised the Channel Isle in the 60's with a series of sex attacks on children. What makes this a bit sleazy is that it was written by his wife. Unfortunately, she is boring & so is the book. She makes the most ridiculous claims of a parallel between her husband & Gilles de Rais, who was a sexual sadist along the lines of De Sade, & also an accomplished occultist. Paisnell was a wimpy nobody with a nasty sexual perversion.

MICHAEL SLATTER

THE GRAND GUIGNOL - THEATRE OF FEAR & TERROR: Mel Gordon, Amok Press, 1988

It is pretty scandalous that the English Language should have had to wait until now for a book on the Grand Guignol, but here it is, the definitive work in any language. Mel Gordon's book traces the history of the Grand Guignol theatre in Paris (the years of prosperity from 1897 to 1962) & discusses the popularity of a theatre whose plays stimulated on the one hand 'the rawest & most adolescent of human interactions & desires: incest & patricide: blood lust: sexual anxiety & conflict: morbid fascination & bodily mutilation & death: loathing of authority: fear of insanity: an overall disgust for the human condition & its imperfect institutions' while never losing touch with the intrinsic 'humour of violent fantasy' that caused the journalists & critics of the day to deem the Grand Guignol unhealthy & unworthy of serious analysis...or documentation. And because so little documentation exists with regard to the importance (indeed the existence) of Grand Guignol, Mel Gordon's historical research would have been more than welcome. As it is, Gordon's book isn't content to merely reproduce a lot of original theatre posters & programmes for the Guignol plays, or include biographies of all the important figures in the theatre, but it also manages to include a couple of the more popular Guignol scripts in their entirety, & better still Gordon gives a précis of 'One Hundred Plots from The Repertoire of The Grand Guignol', plots which are at once both obvious & unnerving (Heard the one about the man who 'has been convicted & imprisoned, although completely innocent of his accused crime. He attempts an escape but is surprised by a guard & kills him in self defence. Just then the prison director arrives to tell the unjustly convicted man that he will soon be released. A man has confessed to the crime for which he was imprisoned. Now, however, the innocent man is truly a murderer. He will remain in Cell 13 forever.'*).

Buy this book & recognise that 'Grand Guignol' is not simply an expression of gratuity for every post-BLOOD FEAST horror film director. Recommended no end.

* CELL 13 (Roland Dreyfus, 1926). A horror play with the additional theme of imprisonment

DAVID KERIEKES



BETTY PAGE, QUEEN OF GLAMOUR

Concluding our examination of the work of Irving Klaw, here we look at the career of his most famous model, Betty Page.

A few years ago, the name Betty Page would have meant little to anyone other than ardent fans of vintage glamour. Today, there can be few exploitation fans who are unaware of her. Betty fever has spread across the United States, & is now taking hold of the UK.

Betty was born in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1931. She was discovered at the age of seventeen by a photographer who saw her frolicking in a skimpy swimsuit on Milwaukee beach, & immediately spotted her star potential. After her initial photo sessions, she moved to New York, where she quickly rose to the top in the glamour business. As well as being the most popular nude model around, Betty was also in great demand as a pretty face, & in this role appeared on the covers of most magazines of the period. It was as a nude model that Betty was in most demand, though. Her photographs were the best sellers, & photographers eagerly sought her services. In the 1955 Christmas issue of PLAYBOY, Betty was

the centrefold, clad (predictably) in a Santa Claus outfit. She began working for Irving Klaw in 1952, & quickly star. Klaw saw her as the perfect dominant woman, & she playful bondage photographs & movies as if she'd been Klaw took dozens of shots of Betty, & sold them for & twenty cents each. Those featuring Betty Page were the best sellers...and those with Betty in bondage the most popular of all.

It's easy to see why Betty Page has had such lasting Besides being exceptionally pretty & possessing as figure as you could ever hope to see, she brought a & vitality to her work that few models have. Betty smile that could melt the hardest heart, & it seemed genuine one, not simply a forced grin for the camera. Betty obviously enjoyed her work, & the fun comes the pictures. It also had the effect of making her thing more than sexual. Most nude shots of Betty have sweetly & innocently at the camera, rather than trying & sultry. The results are pure delight.

As well as featuring Betty in his photographs, Klaw her in several 8mm films. Like his stills, the movies the 'cheesecake' market & the fetish field, with ranged from 'bump & grind' dancing to high heels & Klaw's films were covered in detail last issue, but using a few of Betty's appearances, Klaw made a films with Betty, featuring her both as dominatrix & the title told the entire plot - BETTY GETS BOUND & Shelly Lough & Tina Farr dishing out the 'punishment' description - like most Klaw work, everyone is having in this). On the other hand, SECOND INITIATION OF THE Betty spanking a helpless Rox Greenwood.



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appeal, perfect a freshness had a to be a

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it's worth disc number of bondage dominated. Often. KIDNAPPED has (hardly a fair a wonderful time SORORITY GIRL has

For me though, the best of the films are the ones in which Betty simply dances around or teases & taunts the viewer with semi-strips (none of Klaws work features nudity). In BETTY PAGE AND HER HIGH HEELED SHOES or TEASER GIRL IN HIGH HEELS, Betty shows off her legs (generally encased in black nylon) while she drives foot fetishists into a frenzy. In other films, Betty turns on the wire-eyes & lets herself go. Nobody before or since has moved as well as Betty Page on film! Oozing a natural sexuality, Betty looks as though she is having the time of her life, by simply dancing in her underwear. & the sight is far more potently erotic than any spread-eagled bimbo in an ELECTRIC BLUE extravaganza. Betty Page vanished in 1964, a few years after finishing work for Klaws. (Irving Klaw also ceased work the same year). Nobody is really sure what happened to her. The most common rumour is that she married & retired from the business to raise a family. Another story claims that she moved back to the south & found religion. Most people hope that this story is incorrect; it's much nicer to think that Betty, wherever she is, looks back on her old days with affection rather than born-again disgust. The true story is supposedly going to be told in the final issue of THE BETTY PAGES fanzine (see fanzine reviews for details).



us of THE BETTY of this). We shall see.

One thing that most people agree on is that Betty is almost certainly unaware of her cult status. It'd be interesting to know how she would react to the news that she is one of the most popular cult figures around over twenty-five years after retiring.

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Whatever the truth behind Betty's disappearance, the Betty Page cult continues to thrive. Collectors choose from a selection of items that could be the BATMAN merchandisers for variety. There are Betty Page photo books, magazines, badge cards, T-shirts, calendars, comic strips all selling the image to a legion of eager new fans. & it's not surprising Betty Page was a unique figure in the history of eroticism, a star whose appeal went beyond that of the mere sex-kitten, & someone who represented both the ultimate sexual creature to men & a female who had power & direction to women... not to mention being the most successful bondage star of all time. The ultimate Queen Of Glamour, in fact.

is. the can challenge There post- & more

DAVID FLINT

(BACKGROUND INFORMATION BY CATHAL TRILL.)



IN A FUTURE EDITION OF GREASE FILM, WE'LL BE TAKING A LOOK AT THE HARDLY DISCUSSED SUB-GENRE, NUN-EXPLOITATION. AS A TASTER, HERE IS AN EXAMINATION OF ONE OF THE EARLIEST EXAMPLES....

robert bresson and the angels of sin

LES ANGES DU PECHÉ

France 1943 96 mins

CAST: Renée Faure, Jany Holt, Sylvie, Mala Parély, Marie-Hélène Basté, Sylvia Monfort, Yolande Laffon, Paula Dehelly, Gilberte Terbois, Louis Seigner.

SCREENPLAY: Father Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger, Jean Giraudoux, Robert Bresson.

DIALOGUE: Jean Giraudoux

PRODUCER: Roland Tual for Productions Synope

DIRECTOR: Robert Bresson

Robert Bresson is widely regarded as one of the most "difficult" directors. "Difficult" because his cinema generally contains a minimum of plot (dramatic narrative tension) conventional acting techniques (emotional identification tension) & compositional beauty (visual textual tension). His champions, amongst which perhaps the most prominent is American critic/director Paul Schrader, generally explain the magic of Bresson's oeuvre despite these apparent shortcomings in terms of a "transcendent" or spiritual tension which we are told emerges Phoenix-like from the ashes of this almost non-cinema. Bresson is often mentioned in the same breath as Tarkovsky & his readers, with whom he indeed shares an often funereal pace. More often he is compared with Ozu, who also eschews traditional dramatic conventions, & Dreyer, with whom he shares deep felt Christian obsessions. Heavy stuff!

But there is another way of seeing Bresson, the FUN way, & it starts right here with his debut feature film (I haven't yet managed to see a copy of his 1954 made 24 minute short LES AFFAIRES FÉLINES which is tellingly, a light, whimsical comedy). The gloomy film scholar, weighed down by tons of inherited preconceptions about Bresson, who dutifully sidles into the repertory theatre for a rare screening (Bresson's films are anything but popular) will be more than pleasantly surprised by this tightly plotted film noir filled with murder, revenge, jealousy, hatred, absolutely loads of lesbian love, foot fetishism (it's a CLASSIC in that genre), insanity & even some Hitchcockian transference-of-guilt stuff for those well versed in that Catholic genre's oeuvre.

The film takes place in a Dominican convent, an order whose speciality is in ex-convict girls, whom the Priorese collects when they're freed from the local neighbourhood prison. The opening sequence is in fact a wonderful send-up of Hollywood noir clichés of the time: the Priorese & her assistant collect Agnes from prison, but she is expecting to be met by hoodlums out of her past. The resilient Priorese has planned for this eventuality by hiring an ex-boxer to be the driver of their "getaway" car (which he illogically parks way down at the end of the street - providing us with a marvellous aviation scene as the three women duck into a doorway while three incredibly dim hoods rush by in the thickly pouring rain - this shot is glorious, filmed from just behind the heads of the breath-bated nuns, we are immediately engrossed in their adventure & there is a sense of sheer physical relief when they reach the safety of the waiting car. This sequence could have been filmed by Howard Hawks. It's that good!).

Now the real narrative begins. Anne-Marie, from a wealthy bourgeois background wants to join the order because of her calling, which she sees to be that of returning to God souls who have been cast off from society. She is looking for a challenge the equal of her capability (she is extremely vain) & finds it in Therese, a hardened, haughty prisoner who is about to be freed after two years on a robbery charge. Anne-Marie requests & gets permission to accompany the Priorese to the prison on her next visit where she meets the embittered Therese & it's love at first sight; Therese spills boiling soup over Anne-Marie's frock & she responds by kissing her passionately on her cheek, close to the mouth. Now pause at this point to consider some aspects of film form. Bresson here chooses deliberately to incorporate a particularly strong cliché of the dominant Hollywood cinema of the time, that is the "lick" between two protagonists (in the Hollywood cinema almost exclusively of the opposite sex) on their first meeting in a scene within the filmic narrative. This lick we all immediately know (& pretty much everyone would have known even then way back in '43) means that these two people will sooner or later get it on romantically. The daring formal approach to lesbian love is couched somewhat in the codes of religious love & God's mission that Anne-Marie is always going on about, but we know that's all so much tosh &

much more pertinent, so do all the other nuns once Therese is safely ensconced in the convent & subject to Anne-Marie's almost unbearable attentions. But I'm jumping ahead now.

Immediately after the soup/kiss sequence, the brutally treated Therese attempts to escape the prison & in a virtuosic sequence, is trapped by automatically controlled barred doors that close off every escape route, & then she is thrown into solitary confinement. This powerful sequence is essential viewing for lovers of the women-in-prison exploitation film & must be regarded as of pyramidal importance in the archeology of that genre. For Breesson fans it is also interesting as the first in a long line of characters who will be filmed behind the vertical bars of a prison cell or gate, definitely one of his most obsessional images & indeed virtually the only link I can find between this gem of a film & the deadly dull *LE JOURNAL D'UN CURÉ EN CAMPAGNE* (1950), & *UN CONDAMNÉ A MORT S'EST ÉCHAPPÉ* (1956) which are regarded as his masterpieces by the crusty old guard of the critical establishment who seem to monopolize any writing on Breesson there is.

Upon her release, Therese does not in fact go to the convent but rather straight to a gunsmith, where she is asked "would you like a large or small caliber weapon?", & she replies drolly "medium" just as if it were a slice of meat one were ordering from a butcher shop. Next, in another scene taken straight out of noir convention, out more Fritz lang than Hawks this time, she is seen ringing a doorbell; the door opens & we see the shadow of a man's head backlit from within his room fall across her. "Oh, it's you, hello" is his idiotic greeting to the woman he cheated, framed & allowed to go to prison for two years. "Hello" she replies, & shoots him. Twice.

Utterly remorseless, she now calculatedly joins the convent & is soon involved in a complex web of sexual jealousy between Anne-Marie (who is head over heels about her), Madeleine (who loves Anne-Marie) & Mother Saint-Jean (who also loves Therese we find out later, & this explains why she hates Anne-Marie). All of this is of course very subtly done (it was made in 1945 after all) but there is so much sexual tension in the convent that I cannot think of another film on the theme which comes even close to being this arousing (BLACK MARRIAGES by Michael Powell & Emeric Pressburger is of course one which immediately springs to mind, but there the latent sexuality is heterosexual love/lust directed towards a very powerful male lead, whereas in *LES ANGES DU PECHÉ*, men hardly figure at all, & when they do are always slightly idiotic, de-sexualised creatures, intriguingly, MARRIAGES was made only two years after *PECHÉ* & I wonder how much Powell & Pressburger were influenced by it - I suspect a great deal).

Eventually, Anne-Marie's overt love for Therese becomes too much of an embarrassment for even the Prioresse to continue ignoring & there are also increasing signs that she is losing her mind. This comes to a head in a powerful scene in the refectory where Anne-Marie is ordered as a penance to kiss the feet of every woman in the room - DO IT DO IT DO IT! foot fetishists everywhere in the world scream, hoping for an extended ten minute scene, but no, she refuses & is expelled from the order. Meanwhile, in a simultaneous subplot, the police have discovered their chief suspect in the murder case, uncovered by the classic line "Revenge?...check the dead man's women!".

The film wraps up in a delicious finish as the body of Anne-Marie is found lying on top of the grave of the convent's founder (a man by the way, who would have appeared to have completely possessed her soul) - overturner of the vampire legend & a strong taste of gothic in this lovely scene where Anne-Marie gasps in pure sexual pleasure as the rain begins to cum (sic) down on her in symbolic answer to her prayers at the graveyard. Close to death, she finally enjoys the briefest of friendships with Therese who says her vow for her as she is too weak to do so herself on her deathbed (the Hitchcockian transference theme) & then as Anne-Marie dies, Therese moves to the still warm corpse's bare feet & kisses those beautiful toes as sexually & lovingly as hadn't been done in the cinema since Bunuel's leading lady sucked the big toe of the statue in the garden in his orgasmic *L'ÂGE D'OR* (1930). This scene single-handedly sets off a whole new sub-genre, necrophilia-foot-fetishism. Therese then gives herself up to the awaiting police who slip the cuffs on her voluntarily proffered wrists in the film's final image. Fin.

I haven't mentioned the acting which is uniformly superb. Especially convincing are the convent trio of Sylvia, Milla Perely & Marie-Helene Bastia. Jany Holt is as villainous as any of the cat-like vixens in Val Lewton's great RKO chillers of the time & Renée Faure as the love-sick Anne-Marie is both beautiful & believable. Elsewhere in Breesson's films, acting is rather weeded out as unnecessary to the film art. Here it is very much in evidence. The film is often accused of being melodramatic & that's exactly why I like it so much. Jean-Jacques Grunenwald's music score is completely over the top & also very unlike the far more subdued music that would accompany Breesson's later films. There is a great deal of material for a cult following here & I only hope that more people will brave the awful austere reputation that Breesson has.

Ian Kerkhof

Reviews



DESIREE AT THE HARDCORE CAFE

West Germany 1987 VTO Pictures

CAST: Desiree Barclay Jeannie Pepper, Roy Hunter, Lynn Armitage, John Dragon.

Outside the Hardcore Cafe (a studio set), Desiree Barclay sits at a table & imagines that the guys sitting behind her are having sex with her. Various other sexual encounters occur throughout the film, involving several other women, including a black gal.

Barclay has a great figure (i.e. she's slim but has BIG tits) although her eyes seem, in close-up to be slightly crossed! Thankfully, she usually keeps her eyes closed whilst she pouts away. As Desiree is well-endowed in the breast department, this means

that rather more attention is paid to the tits in this film than usual, which is fine as many hardcore flicks disregard 'em & concentrate straight away on the vagina.

Funny things to look out for include Desiree's idea of what a sexually-stimulated expression should look like: she opens & closes her mouth as if chewing gum.

Another actress in the film pulls even more incongruous expressions whilst bonking: she has a surprised, mystified look on her face, as if startled by something!

The major drawback to the film is that its sex scenes are in desperate need of being edited down a little

(such minor credits as editor or director aren't even listed). Obviously, this is a hardcore film whose purpose is to show graphic sex scenes - but overlong copulation shots merely make sequences somewhat tedious (&

Desiree's rather mechanical blow-job style ain't up to much either).

Still, Desiree & the black girl have got nicely pendulous boobs, & Barclay has the pleasant habit of frequently wrapping her chest around the guys' willies.

Look out for other Barclay porn pics like SIN DREAMS WITH DESIREE.

KEN MILLER



THE MYSTERIANS

Japan 1957 89 mins. A Toho production

CAST: Kenji Sahara, Yumi Shirakawa, Takashi Shimura, Akihiko Hirata

SCREENPLAY: Shigeru Kayama, Takashi Kimura

PRODUCER: Tomoyuki Tanaka

DIRECTOR: Inoshiro Honda

Whistle. Bleep. Bleep bleep bleep. This is the sound inside the Mysterians' spaceship headquarters. The Mysterians from the planet Mysteroid, the dead or dying Planet, The Mysterians come to "inter-garry" with earth women while wearing orange & blue coloured motorcycle helmets, & if that alone isn't enough to distinguish them from us, the Mysterians talk through an echo unit. The Mysterians announce their good intentions on arrival on Earth (courtesy Toho Studios) by starting a forest fire, creating an earthquake & unleashing a giant tin bird on the Japanese army, which all rather tarnishes the Mysterians' plea of "We come in peace" & their hovering spaceship's frequent address, "Dear people of Earth...".

Whenever a Japanese movie scientist points to a clump of land & talks of the possibility of it acting as a landing point for alien spacecraft, expect an immediate landing...the bigger & more immediate the better. THE MYSTERIANS is no exception, & it's this 'slaphappyness' which makes it a little difficult to roll roll with the general critical consensus that THE MYSTERIANS is a good science fiction movie - a classic even - when nothing about it would appear very interesting or anything other than predictable: it is certainly unlikely to arouse a an aesthetical hard-on, which is what all good sci fi is about, isn't it? THE



MYSTERIANS is only intended to give the kids a Saturday matinee kick &, as with the RODAN's & GOJIRA's of this world, should only be taken as such. Don't imagine for a minute that this movie says anything over or above the Earth's ambassador retaliatory assumption to the Mysterians inter-planetary hanky-panky. "I think we are justified in using nuclear bombs". So forget about "inter-marrying" & the propagation of an alien race, bring on the 'Electronic Cannon'!

DAVID KERESIK

SALON KITTY

Italy/Germany/France 1976 122 mins

CAST: Helmut Berger, Ingrid Thulin, Teresa Ann Savoy, John Steiner, Sara Serrati, Mana Michi, Rosemarie Lindt, Paola Senatore, John Ireland, Tina Aumont, Alexandra Drogobovic, Dan Van Husen, Ulrich Haupt, Stefano Sattaflora, Bekim Fehmiu

SCREENPLAY: Ennio De Concini, Maria Pia Fusco, Tinto Brass

PRODUCERS: Giulio Sbarigia, Ermanno Donati

DIRECTOR: Tinto Brass

From the director of CALIGULA, SALON KITTY is notable for - alongside ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE SS & THE NIGHT PORTER - paving the way for the slew of (mainly Italian) Nazi sexploitation movies that appeared in the mid seventies. Salon Kitty is a high class brothel in 1939 Berlin, catering to rich & powerful decadents who alternate their attention between the prostitutes & various androgynous stage acts.

Ambitious SS officer Vollenberg feels that he can use the establishment to his own advantage. He informs a croup that he needs twenty girls.. "not only beautiful, but intelligent...from housewives to office employees, virgins or married...but do not forget to base your selection principally upon THEIR POLITICAL FAITH!". His voice increases in hysteria with almost every word; thus, in a frenzy of incredible accents that rival those in Warhol's trash-horrors of a few years earlier & backed with newsreel footage of Der Fuhrer in full flow, SALON KITTY sets merrily off down the road that lies between art & high camp melodrama.

The required women are duly found & stripped (this is a Tinto Brass film). They are told to refuse nothing - "coitus, anal coitus, masturbation & fellatio" in the name of the glorious 3rd Reich. Enter twenty naked soldiers, a brass band & a moviecamera. The ensuing orgy may seem familiar - it was 'recreated' by the makers of LAST ORGY OF THE THIRD REICH.

Back at the Salon, celebrations over the declaration of war on Poland are abruptly ended by a Gestapo visit. Vollenberg informs Madame Kitty that she can

reopen in new premises, with new girls...no prizes for guessing who. Soon, it's business as usual...except that the SS are listening in via bugs in rooms, & the girls are Nazi spies, weeding out 'subversives' within the army. Bourgeois Nazi Margarita finds herself with a depressed soldier. "You made love like you hated me", she comments. "do you want to talk?" "I want to fuck, just spread your legs" is the reply. Such sweet talk proves irresistible, & within the week they are in love...so much so, that when he spills his bitter feelings out & decides to defect on his return to duty, she re-evaluates her ideals, & doesn't report him (not realising that the whole confession was being recorded).

Later, after servicing one of his old army 'bud dies', Margarita is told that loverboy Hans has been hung ("on a meathook") as a 'defeatist'. The soldier vents out his hatred for the traitor, & is in the process of telling how he spat on the corpse, when Margarita takes his pistol & blows his brains out.

Kitty helps her make it look like a suicide, & is forced to face the reality of what has been going on at the Salon (I assumed that she'd known all along anyway). The two of the track down the bugs, & confide in an Italian sympathiser, who obtains a radio transmitter for them. Margarita visits Vallenberg, with the transmitter.



Decked out in leather outfit & bright red cape, Vallenberg tears off her clothes before inexplicably declaring "my wife's grandfather was a Jew!". He feels confident of his safety, explaining that he has damaging information on Hitler's top men, & is planning to overthrow them. "I don't give a damn about National Socialism", he declares, "it's a means to an end...POWER!" For a moment, the film transcends it's superficial gloss & inherent sleaziness, & starts to offer some serious insight into how an entire nation can be coaxed into supporting the megamaniac ideas of any plottical force who are willing to invent a convenient scapegoat for society's problems. There's genuine intelligence at work here, & Brass obviously relished unmasking the Nazis for what they were. The film quickly moves back on it's original course though, with Margarita rubbing her hand between her legs & instructing Vallenberg to "touch me here... make me come".

A recording of Vallenberg's confession is passed to his superiors, & he is gunned down in a sauna (a pigs squeal is heard on the soundtrack as he dies - one of a number of somewhat heavy-handed attempts at symbolism that are dotted throughout the film).

SALON KITTY is a fascinating - if heavily flawed - film. It's influence is undeniable - many films have copied the plot, & some (LAST ORGY OF THE THIRD REICH, SS GIRLS, FLSS FRAULEIN SS) have reproduced certain scenes shot-for-shot. Like CALIGULA, the film constantly hovers between brilliance & trash. The film is certainly downbeat: nobody comes across as being very sympathetic. On the sleaze quota, Brass delivers the goods; Teresa Ann Savoy spends more time naked here than she did in CALIGULA, & no more than 5 minutes ever passes without some nudity. The brothel scenes are entertainingly kinky - a general wears frilly underwear; another is led around on a chain; one general projects Hitler's speeches on a naked woman; a girl has a target painted around her genitalia, & is pierced by a dildo thrown as a dart.

Where SALON KITTY works best is in its portrayal of the Nazi regime, who are as unglamorous as possible here. Possibly because of Brass' left-wing sympathies, the Nazi's are constantly shown as figures of ridicule, loathsome scum, or paranoid power-hungry self servers.

At one point, a medical student asks a doctor - "is it true Jesus Christ was the son of a Roman prostitute & a German mercenary?"

"Without a doubt" replies the doctor. At once chilling & hilarious...a description well suited to SALON KITTY.

DAVID FLINT

DINOSAURUS!

USA 1960 85 mins

CAST: Ward Ramsey, Paul Lukather, Kristina Hanson, Alan Roberts, Fred Reggillera

SCREENPLAY: Jean Yeaworth, Don E. Weisbud

PRODUCER: Jack H. Harris

DIRECTOR: Irwin S. Yeaworth jr

After THE BLOOD (1958) & 4-D MAN (1959), producer Jack H. Harris & director Irwin Yeaworth wanted to make a monster movie on a much grander scale. So off to the Virgin Islands they went & back they came with the sadly unsuccessful DINOSAURUS.

Underwater explosions uncover two frozen dinosaurs, a tyrannosaur & a brontosaur, which are dragged up to the local beach. The baddie also discovers a frozen caveman (with regulation fur slippers of course). The obligatory bolt of lightning awakens them, & the tyrannosaur starts munching people straight away. A small boy makes friends with, & delivers long spillikins to, the brontosaur, who has run off to find some trees to eat. Then the boy befriends the caveman (he's a friendly boy), who dies valiantly saving lives. Meanwhile, the dinosaurs are fighting, T Rex making mincemeat out of old Bronty. The final, er, grip pine scenes involve T Rex heading for civilization, but getting knocked off a cliff by a stop motion bulldozer.

A hit juvenile this, but monster fans might get some enjoyment from it. The stop motion animation is OK, sometimes even excellent, but Harryhausen it ain't (rather, it is George Pal stalwarts Wah Chang & Gene Warren). The diminutive caveman provides a little comic relief, at times unintentional (he smashes up a radio set - made of wood? Fire that propean!). The dialogue is nostalgically clichéd & stupid but, what the hell, I found the whole thing quite irremissable.

MICHAEL SLATTER

ILSA, LIVE AT THE DECK

USA 1986 49 mins

This little gem is available from Gore & Schlockmeister The Reverend Rick Sullivan & it's pure undiluted fun. After all, it's a twenty minute on-stage interview with every red blooded guys favourite Dominatrix - Dyanne Thorne. If you're expecting an ice cold bussy- think again, as Dyanne comes across as a hot blooded & effervescent Momma! Perhaps it's the GORE GAZETTE audience that brought this out, but I don't think so. When all's said & done, she handles the questions tossed at her by a room full of Rabid Gorehounds superbly. Even Howie, her husband, chips in & they both seem like real fun folk...Dyanne peels off her jacket & trades one-liners with the uncontrollable, bear quizzing audience - & Howie delivers the goods too. Both relate fairly interesting anecdotes about working on the ILSA films, & also what it's like to work with "The Great Man" on GRETA (THE WICKED HARBOR). But the whole thing is a real joy because of Dyanne & Howie's (what a man!) attitude. They don't turn their noses up at their exploitation past - they love it. So lets hear it for the first lady of sleaze - YEE HAW!!!!



CATHAL TORTILL

THE TORMENTER

USA 1962 60 mins Home Video Supplys

CAST: Bill & Debbie Majors, Gwen

SCREENPLAY: Bill & Debbie

PRODUCER: B & D PLEASURES

DIRECTOR: Bill Majors

"As it is almost impossible to tape something & enjoy it at the same time, this is a recreation of actual events". intones an echoey voice at the beginning of the primitive bondage video. The narrator shoul've added that it's pretty hard to enjoy this exercise in tedium anyway. Filmed on location at 'The Castle' (it looks like someone's garage), this has middle-aged gut bucket Bill Majors instructing his slave Debbie to find him a new slave...not a great surprise, as Debbie isn't exactly Playmate of the Month. The new slave is Gwen, a girl with big (s, as we're continually told, tender) tits. She's none to keen on being suspended, tied, slapped & generally poked about, but - as you'd expect - eventually warms to the pleasures of S/M. Anyone viewing THE TORMENTER, though, will wonder what possible appeal it has. The whole thing is a sluggish, grating bore. Gwen might have a chest fit for Russ Meyer, but her pathetic protests will give you a headache. At least she looks okay though, which is more than can be said for Bill & Debbie, a truly ugly couple.

The film's big stumbling block, however, is the lack of action. A grim looking cast can still produce a disturbed slice of sleaze, but THE TORMENTER is one of the most staggeringly dull things ever made. Things take forever to occur, & when they finally do, it invariably wasn't worth the wait. Production values are non-existent. It looks as though it was shot on a low quality home video camera, & the sound is barely audible over the background hiss.

The same team have also produced other videos such as GWEN & DEBBIE'S TORMENT PARTS 1 & 2, DOUBLE WHIPPING (apparently the worst EVER) & the semi-famous GWEN'S TIT TORMENT. Avoid those at the same time that you're avoiding this.

DAVID FLINT



KITTEN WITH A WHIP

USA 1964 83 mins Universal

CAST: Ann Margret, John Forsythe, Peter Brown, Patricia Barry, James Ward, Diane Sayer, Richard Anderson

PRODUCER: Harry Keller

WRITER/DIRECTOR: Douglas Heyes

This dynamite dollop of exploitation was described as '...an exposition of unjustified juvenile delinquency & depravity without any redeeming features' by THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER. Ann Margret stars as Jody, a good girl gone bad - kittenish one minute, vicious the next. Before this she'd bopped around in musicals like VIVA LAS VEGAS & BYE BYE BIRDIE. This was a complete change of pace. Escaping from reform school, Jody hides out in the home of a local clean living politician (John Forsythe). His wife & teenage daughter are away, & from here on in the film slips into some kind of crazy nightmare. Forsythe becomes a helpless pawn in the hands of the teenage temptress who seems pulled towards destruction despite herself. One minute she is whispering & nice, the next a howling hellcat ripping his shirt with her painted talons. Ann Margret really projects in the role, but there are other reasons why the film has a superb nihilistic quality. Her friends Mon, Buck & Midge join her & from her on anything can happen... KITTEN WITH A WHIP is no ordinary teen exploitation flick. It's got drive, style weirdness & fascinatingly amoral teenagers. It was produced by Harry Keller, 2nd unit director on TOUCH OF EVIL. KITTEN WITH A WHIP is a finely honed film, managing to make the get bound 'T-Town' feel one minute like a tourist trap & the next like a private nightmare.

CATHAL TONILL

LETTERS



through most porn films, but not for the reason you do. A better rating system might be how long you stay awake.

J.F.

Dear David,

Just a word about art. Another winner! You & your contributors certainly know your stuff! Also, glad to see Pee see Herman getting a bit of coverage. I've seen a fan ever since I first saw the sat's BIG IDOLMUS. David Herman may be interested to know that Pee see also has a cameo appearance in BACK TO THE BEACH, performing an absolutely manic version of STUFFIN' ARMS.

John Hughes,
Tyne & wear

Dear David,

Many thanks for another superb issue (no.6), the Traci Lords filmography was a dream come true. If you pick up a copy of PMSVUE 75 you'll see a Traci Lords calendar listed - another dream come true. They also have Betty Page, Silvia & (gasp) Heather Thomas calendars. Cold shower time... Personally I think you deserve some sort of special commendation for being able to review these films. I rarely get through the whole running time of a Traci flick without reaching for a Kleenex or running for the bathroom, a friend suggested the following to me recently...you know the picture, Mother says (having seen the Kleenex) 'good film was it, a weepie?', & you naturally agree. The fact that the fluids had nothing to do with your peculiar regions aren't mentioned of course. So picture this - a film rating system based on numbers of Kleenex used, worth thinking about, surely?

Gas laughing,
Cardiff

This gets more like the PMSVUE letters page each issue. I must say that I also have trouble sitting



David -

I just recieved SP6 a few days ago. As soon as I opened the brown envelope & saw the cover, I knew it was my kind of mag. Overall I thought your nine: 1 one of the best arowno, 2 I do have a few complaints. I found the article on Linnee Q. a little boring..mostly because I don't care for her or any of her films (boring 222). Almost every mag I pick up has an article on her & I'm tired of reading them. The same goes for the Traci Lords article. While I do enjoy Traci's films much more than Linnee's, I'm tired

of reading about her. Traci Lords has even had an article in FRONTIERS magazine (I READ, I READ IT...IT'S COOL...D.F.). Like I said, I enjoy Traci's films very much & I never get tired of watching her. As you said in the article, she does sex & is extremely energetic in her sex scenes. Only two other porno actresses come to mind that I enjoy watching as much. They are Larenna Collins & Eli Rio, what the fuck ever happened to Eli Rio? Did she high tail it back to Brazil or what? Did she make pornos in Brazil also? I'm sure she did but I've never heard of any. She is one porno queen I'd like to see an article on.

The review sections (movies & books) were the best thing about SP. You truly review sheer filth, where the fuck did you ever find PSYCHIC TV? It's got to be one of the sickest movies I've ever read about. The group who made it must be real sick-fucks. Enjoyed the review of THE UNFATHOMING SHOT, mostly because I've never seen it. I've only ever seen a trailer for it. What I did see was one of the female stars (forget who) over a male star (forget also), letting loose out of her pussy what looked like two gallons of water all over him. where the hell did she keep all this water? was it special effects? If not, she must have one huge cavity up there. I hope to see the whole thing one day because it stars some of the best looking females in the business.

Wade Carter,
Texas

The Linnee article appeared for 'contractual reasons' & may have been a mistake. I still think Traci needed covering, though, especially in the UK. Can't help on all this, but maybe one of the readers might be able to help...D.F

DEATH DISCO

With the omission of any 'pop song' I thought boring I suppose I could have titled this piece

TEN REASONS WHY I WON'T BUY U2

but then, being a random conglomeration of songs that come close to (the subject of death, I suppose I should have called it

SONGS ABOUT DUMPING OFF, RUBBING OUT & KNOCKING ON DEATH'S DOOR (THAT DON'T MAKE ME PUKE...)

by David Kerekes

1. PATTI SMITH HORSES

Patti does a fair impression of Jim Bathnight Morrison at the best of times, & you've only to take a look at her missive on this album sleeve to figure she wish she had a crawling king snake in her trousers. HORSES concerns the last moments of Johnny's life up against a locker & having his throat slit. As the red stuff flows & consciousness ebbs, Johnny begins to see horses galloping towards him (, as well as the names of 1960's dance styles). So what Patti has plagiarized, HORSES conjures up some lovely 'last gasp' images regardless.

From the album HORSES, 1975 Arista Records.

2. THE VOLCANOES - I'M GOING TO POISON MYSELF

This band could do nothing wrong after the track INTO THE PSYCHE appeared on the Hybrid Sampler album a few years back - a meandering journey in self-abuse. WILD was The Volcanoes other contribution to that Sampler & a rather risqué 'young love' song, confirmation of the band's musical bent (sic). From their debut I'M GOING TO POISON MYSELF is yet another slab of psychotic 'pop', revealing not only is the vocalist prepared to "take it up my arse (it's really just the same) but also that he thinks he's "Eddie Cochran/I'm a pain in the neck...if I don't give up this craving for an hedonistic death/I'm going to poison myself". What more can you say?

From the album INTO THE PSYCHE, 1986 Hybrid Records.

3. SPAHN RANCH COUNTDOWN

Not as nihilistic as one would expect from a band with a name like Spahn Ranch. COUNTDOWN - & the album from which it's taken - come across as a kind of acoustic Sonic Youth meets T Rex. Keep expecting them to go crazy any second, but they remain unreasonably calm throughout. Very odd indeed.

From the album THICKLY SETTLED, 1987 Insight Records

4. MONOCHROME SET VIVA DEATH ROW

"Holiday Death Row..."

Every third song on any Monochrome Set album is related to the after life or the last few moments of this life or the presumption that one is already dead. The other songs on the album will be about divinity & the other members of the band. Well, maybe not always but VIVA DEATH ROW is just one of the brilliant titles from the genius that is Bid.

The archetype British band...for what it's worth.

From the album VOLUME, CONTRST, BRILLIANCE...
1983 Cherry Red Records.

5. SKULLFLOWER - BIRTHDEATH

This 12" single treads the hypnotic line dividing awesome/horrible. Can't make a solitary word out, but you just know Skullflower are up to no good. BIRTHDEATH could be comparable to playing SPACE-MAN 3, THE SWANS (in their earlier more mournful days), the whole of the SST catalogue & Abba too & other & at half-speed.

Other tracks on this record include a phenomenal ode to the late 13th Floor Elevators in TIMEBOMB, lookin' heavy!

From the 12" single SKULLFLOWER, 1988 (no credits)



6. PAUL WIBIER - SATAN (THEME)

Sitting among some pretty aggressive guitar instrumentals on Savage Pencil's fab collection ANGEL DUST - MUSIC FOR MOVIE BIKERS is Paul Wibier & SATAN (THEME), musically a pretty respectable tune, but somehow I can't picture Perry Como comfortably getting around the words

"I was born mean/By the time I was 2/They were calling me Satan...By the time I was 12/I was killing...killing for Satan/Yes, my mother had problems"

Then again I suppose even Nick Cave would have a job keeping a straight face on this one.

From the album ANGEL DUST - MUSIC FOR MOVIE BIKERS, 1988 Further Records

7. THE YARDBIRDS STILL I'M SAD

The Yardbirds were attending a funeral when they wrote this.

A WOM! at parties.

Taken from any compilation album featuring The Yardbirds.

8. THE LEAVING TRAINS HOW CAN I EXPLODE?

The Leaving Trains tend to have about 238 songs per album.

HOW CAN I EXPLODE is taken from the album FUCK & like most of their fuckin' so9ngs sounds like the other 237...which is unfortunate because The Leaving Trains really aren't that bad a band. As to be expected though, HOW CAN I EXPLODE? is about angst!, doesn't live up to its title & none of the band get t to blow up. For potential balloonheads everywhere.

From the album FUCK, 1987 SST Records.

9. 10, 000 MANIACS MY MOTHER THE WAR

Recorded before Elektra turned them into Blondie, MY MOTHER THE WAR first appeared at the time every other 10, 000 Maniacs track turned up on at least two albums & a mini LP. The version on SECRETS OF THE I CHING is only a preparation for the bullet-stopping version which was to close THE WISHING CHAIR album. Earlier in their career, the names & faces of 'one weeks dead in Vietnam' adorned a 10, 000 Maniacs sleeve: in MY MOTHER THE WAR guitars squeal like soldiers dying.

From the album THE WISHING CHAIR, 1985 Elektra Records.

10. GONN DOIN' ME IN

DOIN' ME IN is taken from the PEBBLES BOX ste - the quintessential 'Frenzied 60's Punk' collection - and while Gonn don't concern themselves with singing of death I reckon the lead vocalist snuffed it soon after recording DOIN' ME IN - no one can scream with that conviction & live through the final chorus. Enough energy to make a grown man weep.

Heaven...on coloured vinyl.

From the collection PEBBLES BOX, 1987 Ubik Records.

THE END

AND I didn't even include COLD ETHYL....

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WARNING: people in England to correspond with. I'm a fan of all types of film from silent to exploitation, especially spaghetti westerns & would be glad to write to other fans. But please NO PSYCHIC TV TIPS!! Wade Carter, 6717 Evermart 2402, Corpus Christi, TX 78413, USA.

VIDEO VIDEOS WANTED: INVOCATION OF MY DEMON BROTHER & LUCIFER Rising by Kenneth Anger; THE KILLING OF AMERICA by Leonard Schrader; SKILLFUL KILLERS; & TASTE OF PEAR (the one released by Avatar). Must be dead good quality. Possible swaps. Write to: Hazen, 110 Ruden way, Speon Downs, Surrey, KT17 3LP. No callers please.

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